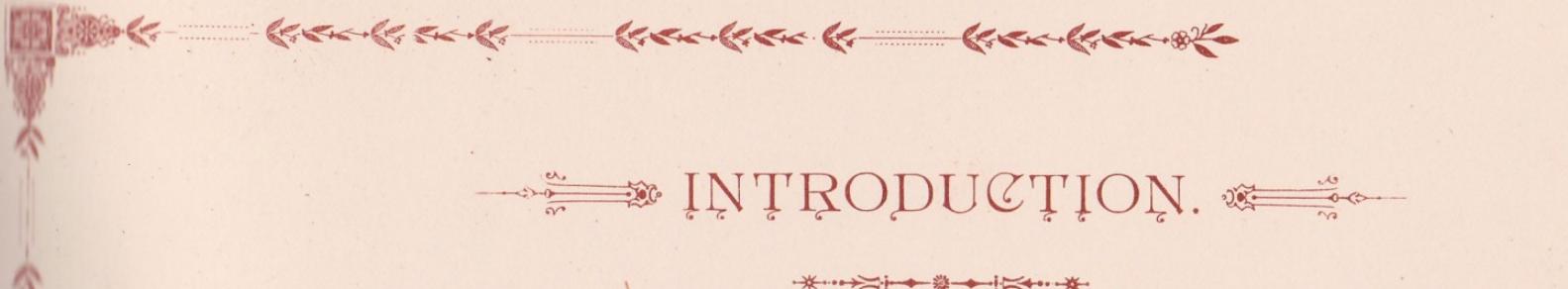


PONTIAC · AND · EN

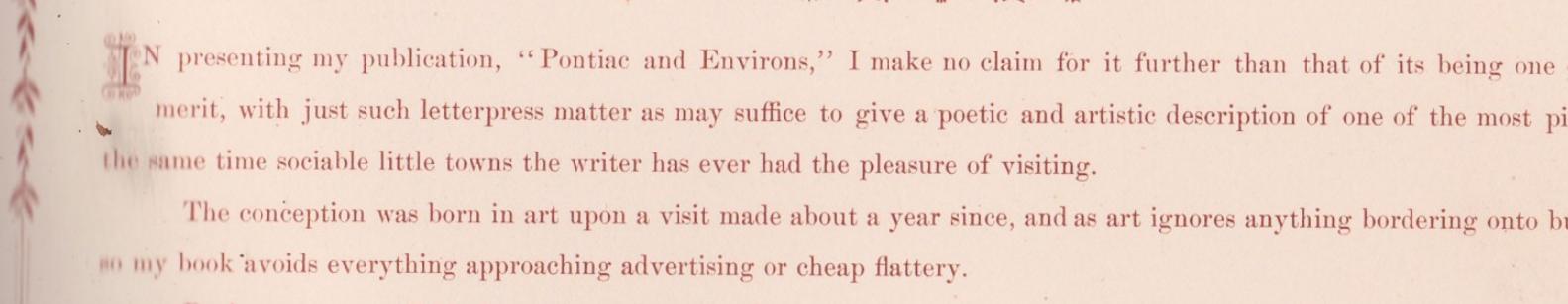
• • • 1890 • •

PONTIAC AND ENVIRONS

ARTISTIC AND POETIC.



INTRODUCTION.



N presenting my publication, "Pontiac and Environs," I make no claim for it further than that of its being one of the most meritorious, with just such letterpress matter as may suffice to give a poetic and artistic description of one of the most pictorially beautiful and at the same time sociable little towns the writer has ever had the pleasure of visiting.

The conception was born in art upon a visit made about a year since, and as art ignores anything bordering onto business, so my book avoids everything approaching advertising or cheap flattery.

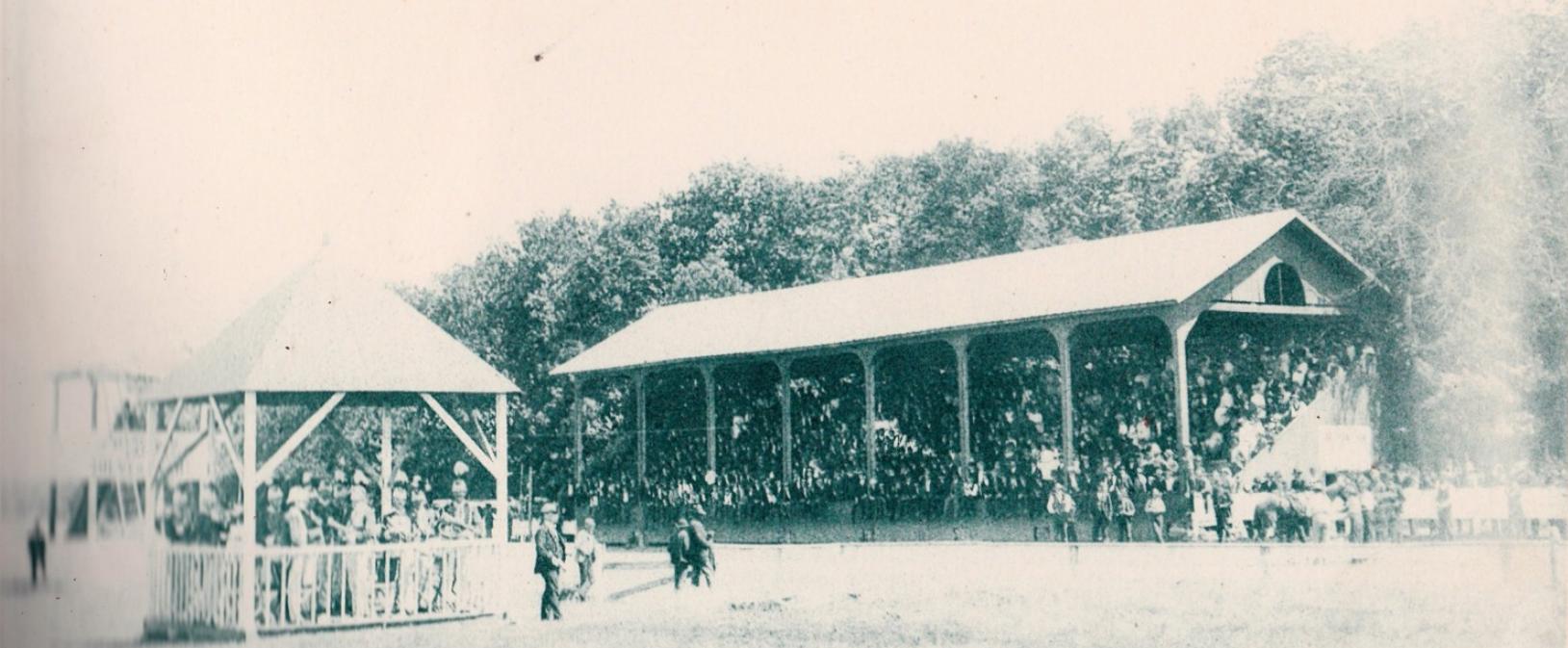
Business streets and blocks appear among its illustrations as representing the advancement of your little city, and to indicate landmarks of the past.

Also a few representative residences, as a further token of progress, taste, education and wealth, together with the church buildings and industries, are given space.

As said above, however, my work is intended as a purely artistic one, graced with a few charming poems (for which I am indebted to O. F. Pearre, Esq., whom I take this opportunity of thanking for his generous assistance). So its principal feature is poetry, next of pretty landscapes, and last, but not least, the delightful scenery along the Vermillion, of which each point













\$15,000 A CLEAN SWEEP \$15,000
SPECIAL SLAUGHTER SALE
COME TO THE FAIR



PONTIAC SENTINEL

S. E. A.

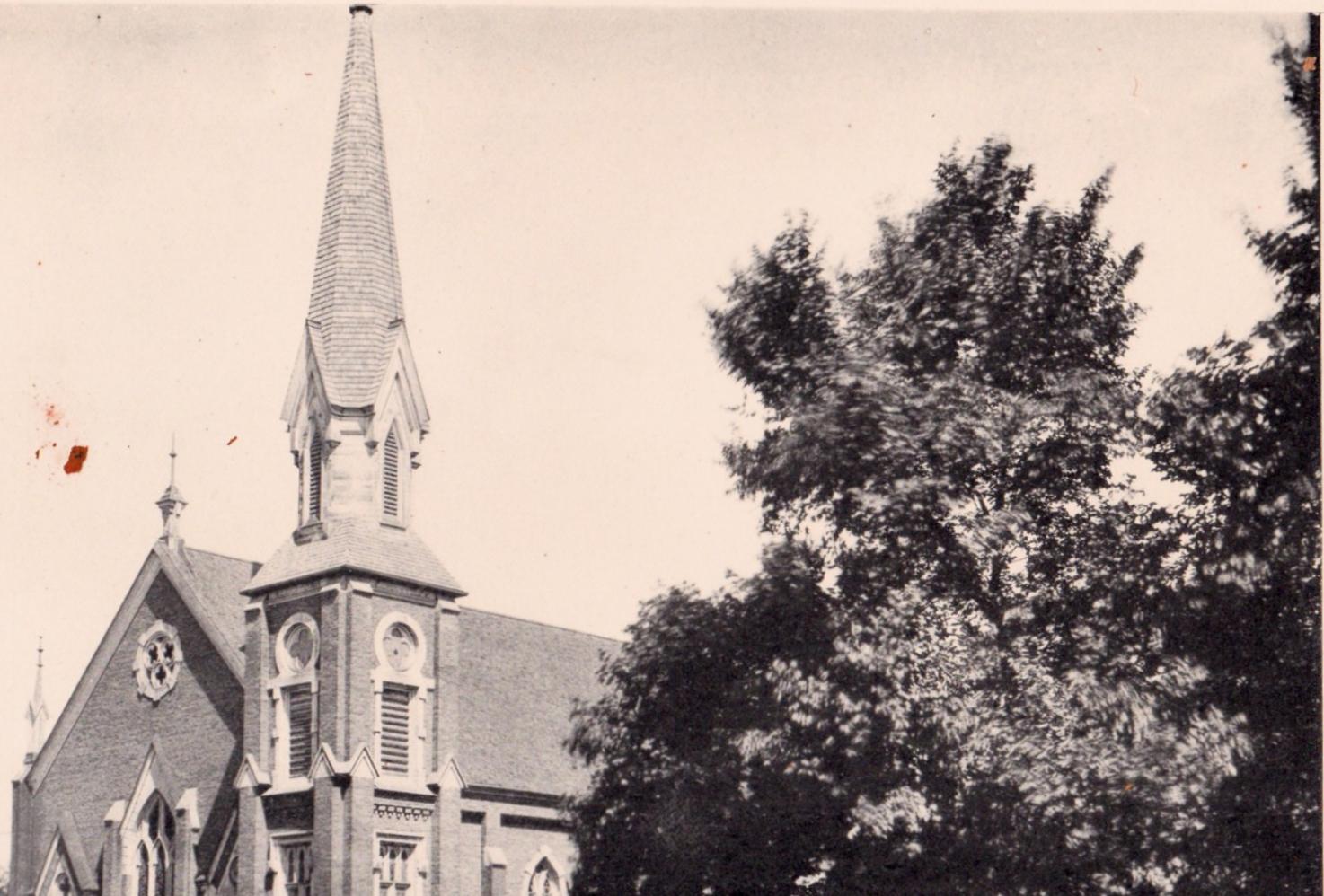
JOHN S. MURPHY
& Co.







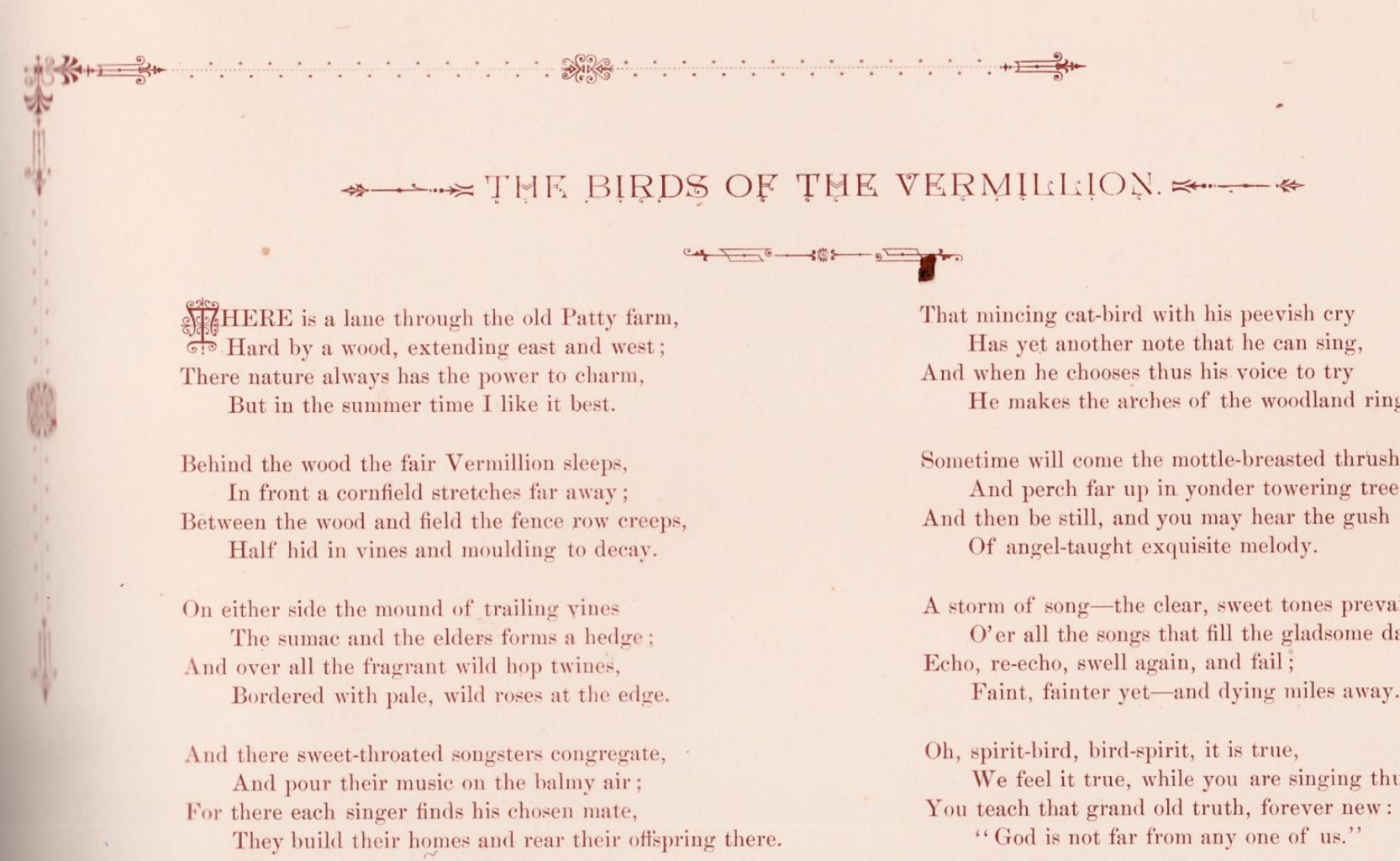












THE BIRDS OF THE VERMILLION.

HERE is a lane through the old Patty farm,
Hard by a wood, extending east and west;
There nature always has the power to charm,
But in the summer time I like it best.

Behind the wood the fair Vermillion sleeps,
In front a cornfield stretches far away;
Between the wood and field the fence row creeps,
Half hid in vines and moulding to decay.

On either side the mound of trailing vines
The sumac and the elders forms a hedge;
And over all the fragrant wild hop twines,
Bordered with pale, wild roses at the edge.

And there sweet-throated songsters congregate,
And pour their music on the balmy air;
For there each singer finds his chosen mate,
They build their homes and rear their offspring there.

That mincing cat-bird with his peevish cry
Has yet another note that he can sing,
And when he chooses thus his voice to try
He makes the arches of the woodland ring

Sometime will come the mottle-breasted thrush
And perch far up in yonder towering tree
And then be still, and you may hear the gush
Of angel-taught exquisite melody.

A storm of song—the clear, sweet tones prevail
O'er all the songs that fill the gladsome da
Echo, re-echo, swell again, and fail;
Faint, fainter yet—and dying miles away.

Oh, spirit-bird, bird-spirit, it is true,
We feel it true, while you are singing th
You teach that grand old truth, forever new:
“God is not far from any one of us.”









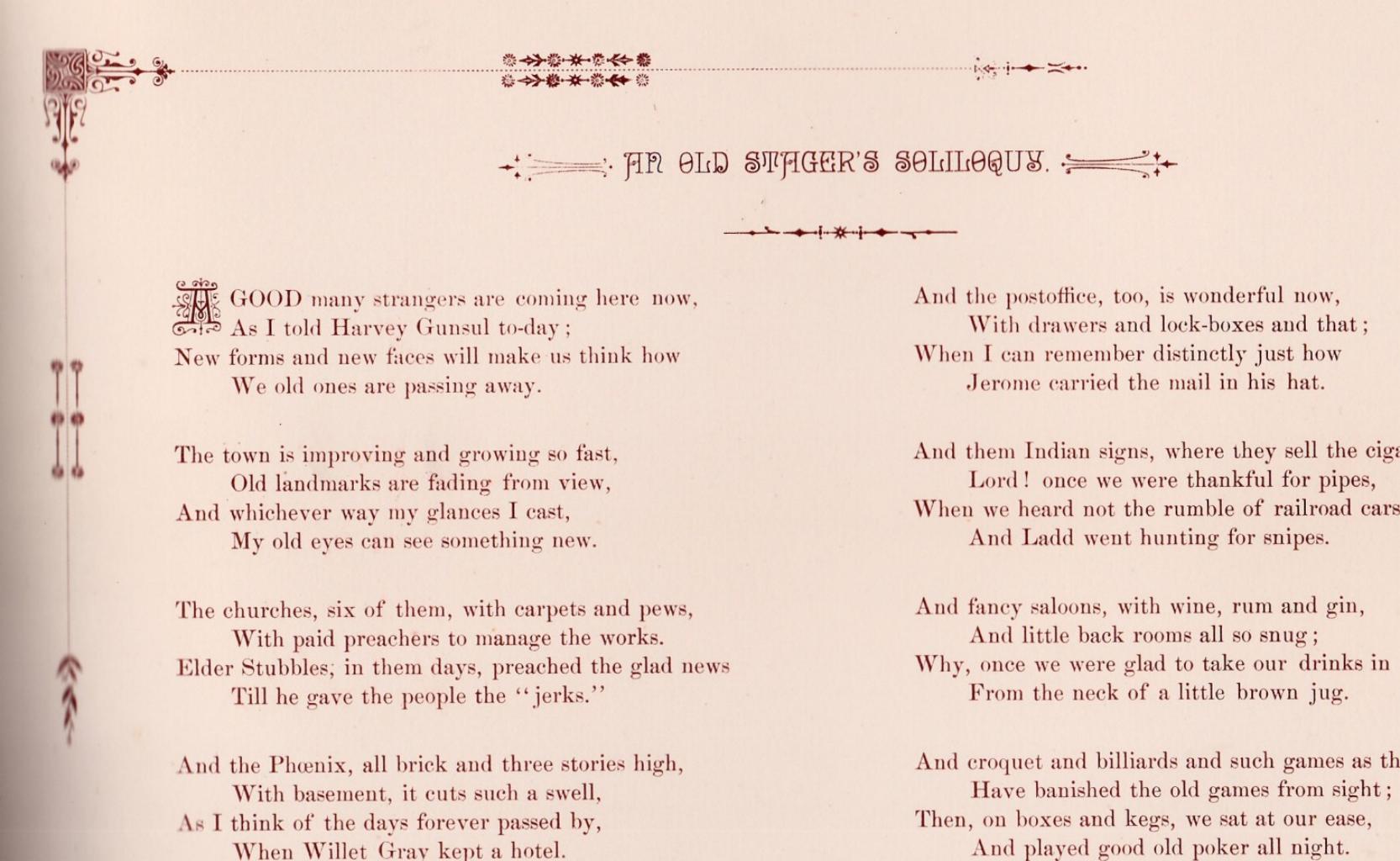
J.D.'S

THE
BIG WIC
GROCERY
J.C. KALLER









AN OLD STAGGER'S SOLILOQUY.

GOOD many strangers are coming here now,
As I told Harvey Gunsul to-day;
New forms and new faces will make us think how
We old ones are passing away.

The town is improving and growing so fast,
Old landmarks are fading from view,
And whichever way my glances I cast,
My old eyes can see something new.

The churches, six of them, with carpets and pews,
With paid preachers to manage the works.
Elder Stubbles; in them days, preached the glad news
Till he gave the people the "jerks."

And the Phoenix, all brick and three stories high,
With basement, it cuts such a swell,
As I think of the days forever passed by,
When Willet Gray kept a hotel.

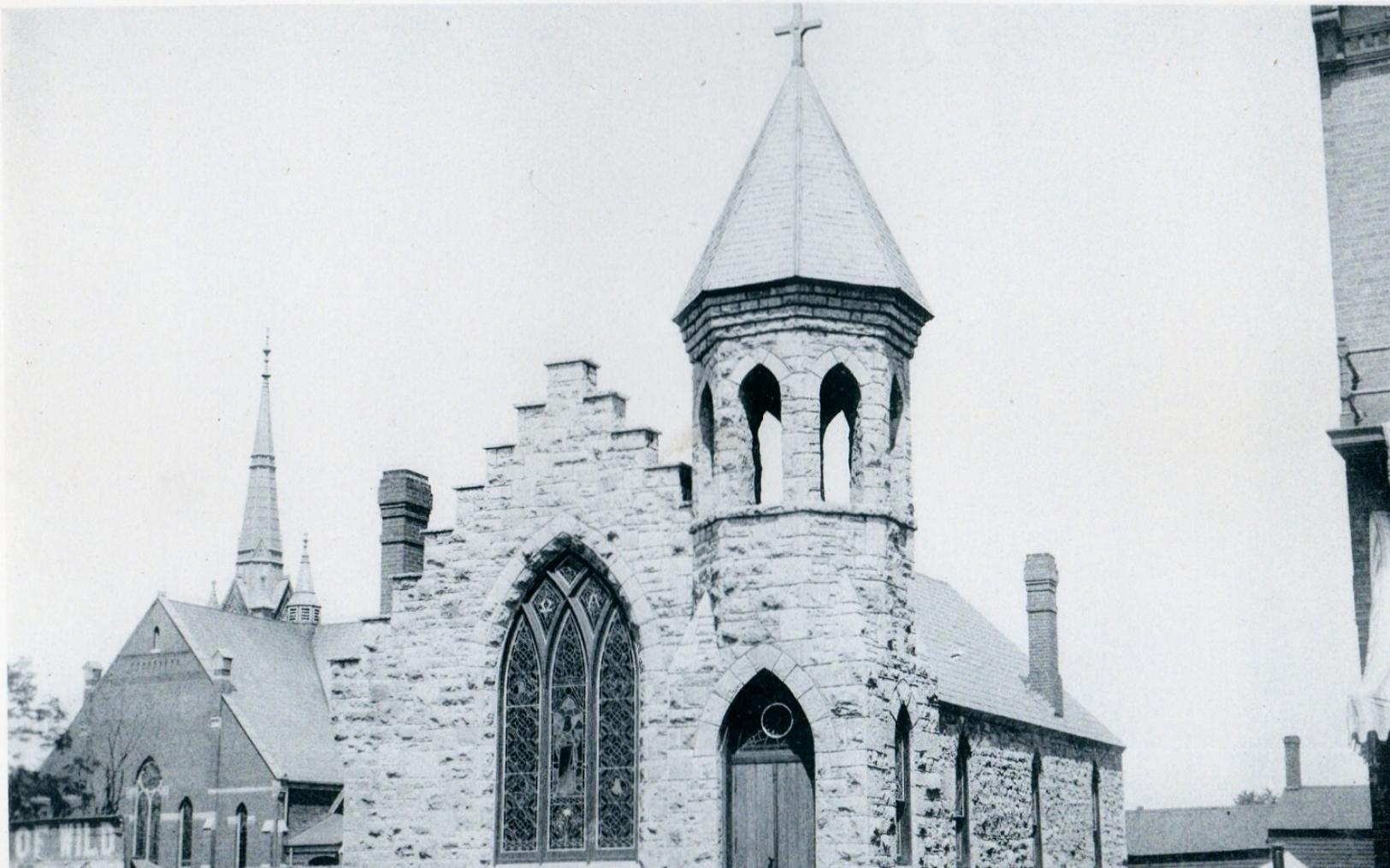
And the postoffice, too, is wonderful now,
With drawers and lock-boxes and that;
When I can remember distinctly just how
Jerome carried the mail in his hat.

And them Indian signs, where they sell the ciga-
Lord! once we were thankful for pipes,
When we heard not the rumble of railroad cars
And Ladd went hunting for snipes.

And fancy saloons, with wine, rum and gin,
And little back rooms all so snug;
Why, once we were glad to take our drinks in
From the neck of a little brown jug.

And croquet and billiards and such games as th-
Have banished the old games from sight;
Then, on boxes and kegs, we sat at our ease,
And played good old poker all night.















HAROLD'S
CLEANERS

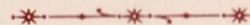
WILLIAM GREGOR

W.M. GUILFOIL
RESTAURANT
FISH & CHIPS
PINTS
RACKS
DRAUGHT BEER
LUNCHES
TEA
25c

PINTS
RACKS
DRAUGHT BEER
LUNCHES
TEA
25c



THE NYMPH OF THE VERMILLION



I KNOW where a wood nymph dwells,
Where a spring of water wells;
Close beside a flowing river,
Where the sunbeams dance and quiver
Through the roof of my pavilion
On the banks of the Vermillion.

First I knew the place was haunted
By the many wild flowers planted
In profusion, all in order
'Round about the lovely border
Of my leafy green pavilion,
On the banks of the Vermillion.

Next I knew the birds were singing
'Till the woodland isles were ringing
With the secret they were telling,
How a woodland nymph was dwelling
Near my leafy green pavilion,
On the banks of the Vermillion.

Long I wooed the fairy creature,
Without seeing form or feature;
She was shy, and always shyer
When a stranger's step drew nigh her

Lightly as the sunbeams dancing,
Stepped within my green pavilion
On the banks of the Vermillion.

There I lay with breath abated,
Long and patiently I waited,
That a glance I might be stealing,
To my longing eyes revealing,
There within my green pavilion,
This wood-nymph of the Vermillion.

Softly, then my eyes unclosing,
While I lay there shamming dozing;
Up I started—every feature
Of the fairy woodland creature,
Showed me YOU in my pavilion,
On the banks of the Vermillion.

'Twas your spirit come to greet me;
Took this fairy form to meet me;
Came to tell me you were caring
For my friendship; you were sharing
All my dreams in my pavilion
On the banks of the Vermillion.

What we said there, I'm not telling.





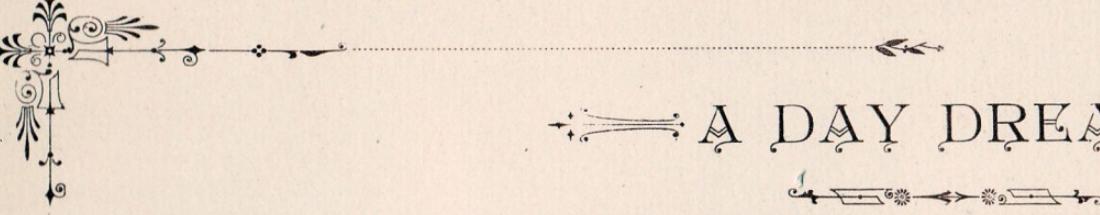












A DAY DREAM.

WHERE graceful elms their branches wave,
And weave a green pavilion;
I rested on a summer's day,
Upon thy banks, Vermillion;
And watched the burnished waterflies
Dance many a quaint cotillion.

The graveyard on the river's bank
Was in the sunlight sleeping;
While lengthening shadows from the west
Were onward slowly creeping,
And all around was holy calm
And all things were in keeping.

And memory waved her magic wand,
Restoring forms and faces
Of those who walked with us of yore,
And filled familiar places;
Then faded, faded from our sight
Like day's departing graces.

I saw the manly form of one
With regal head uplifted;
A peer among earth's noble sons;
Above his fellows gifted,
Who fell as falls the mighty oak,
With angry lightnings rifted.

I heard the gallant Captain Payne,
His tales of warfare telling;
I saw old honest Stephen Crane,
And felt my bosom swelling
When Ladd and Maples walked again
About my leafy dwelling.

Then came Hugh Miller, trusty Hugh,
Whose days were all too fleeting,
And Edward Kent; firm, honest, true,
Gave there to me his greeting;
On rapid wings the moments flew,
Through all this pleasant meeting.





LOOKING S. W. FROM COURT HOUSE TOWER.